And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
King. Rise *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Come,

Come, if the Emperours court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gramercy to. *Exeunt*

sound Trumpets, manet Moore.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucasus*.
Away with slauish weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Demet.